AUM

Brahman is that which now flashes forth like lightning, and now vanishes again. The feet on which this Upanishad stands are penance, restraint and sacrifice; the Vedas are all its limbs, the True is its abode. He who knows this Upanishad and has shaken off all evil, stands in the endless unconquerable world of heaven.—*Talavakara-Upanishad.*

There is no religion higher than the Truth.—*Motto of the Maharajahas of Benares, and of the Theosophical Society.*

THE PATH.

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LETTERS ON THE TRUE.

II.

MY COMRADES :—

The elemental nature of man has long engaged my thoughts, for so soon as I look within myself I am confronted with a mystery. Others admit the same experience. There is in me a morass, or a mountain, or a cold water dash which appalls me, it seems so icy and dead. In it none of my friends do walk; all is frozen and silent. Yet I seem to like the place, for there I can stand alone, alone, alone. When a boy I had often to cross that cold tract, and then I did not want to meet any boys. I wished to go

alone, not with despair, but with a grim and terrible pleasure. I could weep and enjoy with another, and drink in their words and their souls, and the next week that cold arctic death came between us. It does so still. What think you, comrades, is that? But the stars still shine overhead, and on the margin flit the shapes of my loved, and I know that I shall either go back to them or meet them on the further side. It is not grim nor ghastly at all but is certainly unseen by the crowd. This mystery rose before me often and surprised me. It knew so much that it wanted to tell me. Soon I found that all my energies were but the play of correlated powers upon the margin of that strange spot. Where did all my life force come from, if not from that? What else had saved my ideals from the degradation of our material mechanical life? Over there in the centre, mist-enfolded, is the tented Self, the watchful god. Only a great tide of love, impersonal, unselfish, divine, can dissolve the lower self and flood us over that arctic desolation. Such love is the aloe flower, and blooms but once a century. Here, on the near side of the mystery, the side nearest the outer man, embedded in his heart, is the lurker, the elemental self.

When first we discover a trace of the soul within ourselves, there is a pause of great joy, of deep peace. This passes. The Soul, or Self, is dual, semi-material, and the material or outer covering is known as the elemental self, the Bhutatma of the Upanishads. As you know, Bhuts or Bhoots are elementals or spirits of a certain lower order. It is this lower self—"human soul"—which feels the effects of past Karma weighing it downwards to each fresh descent into matter, or reincarnation. These effects, in the shape of latent impulses, accompany the higher principles into Devachan, where the spiritual energies work themselves out in time. Those karmic tendencies then germinate in their turn, and impel the soul to their necessary sphere of action,—the earth life—to which it again descends, carrying with it as its germ, the true Self or Buddhi, which may develop so far as to unite with Atma, or Divine Spirit.

Now our bodies, and all the "false I" powers, up to the individual soul, are partial forms in common with the energic centres in the astral light, while the individual soul is total, and according to the power and purity of the form which it inhabits, "waits upon the gods." All true things must be total, and all totalities exist at once, each in all, and hence the power of the soul to exhibit Truth; hence those sudden gleams from the half awakened soul of which the occultist becomes aware as his consciousness locates nearer and nearer the centre; he draws ever closer to the blaze of Light, until his recognition of it becomes enduring because it is now himself. In the earlier stages this perception is physical as well as mental and cannot be likened to any other sensation. There is a flash, a thrill, a surge, sometimes a *fragrant sound*, and a True thought is born into the world of the lower man.

It thus follows that only such forms as are total, reveal entire Truth, and those that partake of lower nature, or are partial, receive but a limited view of Truth. These partial forms participate in each other, and exist partially in those that are total. Such partial forms are the energic centres in the astral light, are elementals, such are our astral bodies, and hence the affinity subsisting between all, so that it is only when our consciousness is located in part in the astral body that we perceive things pertaining to the astral plane. The elemental self is a partial form, existing partially in the true Self, with which it can only be really incorporated when entirely purified from all material dross, when it is no more itself, but that other Self, even as the Spirit enters Nirvana. This gross, or false self, is great in its way; it must be known and conquered. Of it the Upanishad says that when "overcome by bright and dark fruits of action he enters on a good or bad birth," he dwells in the body and "thus his immortal Self is like a drop of water on a lotus leaf, and he himself is overcome by the qualities of nature. Then because he is thus overcome, he becomes bewildered, . . . and he sees not the Creator, the holy Lord, abiding within himself. Carried along by the waves of the qualities, darkened in his imaginations, unstable, fickle, crippled, full of desires, vacillating, he enters into belief, believing 'I am he,' 'this is mine,' he binds his Self by his self as a bird by a net." We are told that if this elemental self be attached to sound, touch, outer objects—in a word, to desire and sensation—"it will not then remember the highest place." When the student thinks that he loves, hates, acts or rejects at will, he is only the manifester or machine, the motor is the elemental Self. It must have sensation, must enjoy through the senses or organs, or it would be extinguished in the higher principles. For this enjoyment it has sought the earth world again. So it casts up clouds and fumes of illusion whereby the man is incited to action, and when he denies it one mode of satisfaction, it inoculates him with a craving for some other. When he forsakes the temptations of the outer life, it assails him with those of the mind or heart, suggests a system to ossify him, a specialty to limit him, emotions to absorb him, evokes a tumult to drown the "still, small voice." Pride, dogmatism, independence, desire, hope and fear, these and many other qualities are its aids under mock titles. It disturbs the true proportions of all things. It cozens and juggles him beyond belief. Instead of relying upon the great All as himself, developing that faith and standing fixed by the Law, the man increases his confidence in his personal abilities, opens his mind to the thousand cries of self-assertion and puts his trust in this "will o' the wisp" nature which strives to beguile him from firm ground. This self of death and ashes tells him every hour that he, the man he now knows as himself, is a being of judgment and power. The contrary is true; the first advance to the True must be humbly made, under the fixed belief which later becomes

knowledge, that the man as he now appears to himself is to be wholly distrusted and self-examined step by step. As the physical atoms are all renewed in each seven years' course, so a man has many mental deaths and births in one incarnation, and if he makes steady resistance to the undermining principle of Reversion to Type, carefully testing the essence of motives and thoughts, the very well-spring of deeds, he soon finds that one higher state of consciousness is succeeded by another and still others, in each of which transient conditions he temporarily and illusively lives, until he takes the last stronghold of the lower self and beholding its dissolution, crosses with a supreme effort to where the watchful god awaits him.

As the man has advanced on the animal, driving it from every subterfuge, lopping off its hydra heads and searing them with the fire of spiritual wisdom, and stands calm and firm in the equipoise achieved by the strength of his attraction for the True, then it is that the enemy makes a sudden halt upon the psychic plane, and summons to its service the grim battalions of the deadliest warfare ever known to the human race. The Dweller of the Threshold stands revealed, a congeries of materialistic essences expressed from the man's entire past, a bestial apanage of his lower self, and this lusty huntsman, whose quarry is the soul, shouts a view-halloo to all the nameless devils of its pack and gives and takes no quarter. The conquest of the body, the dispersal of worldly interests are child's play to this struggle, where the enemy itself is still a sharer in the divine, *and is not to be killed but subdued.* All the powers of Maya, all the startling vividness of universal illusion are at its disposal. It has for allies the hosts of earth and water, air and fire, terrible apparitions, horrid thoughts incarnate in malodorous flesh and reeking with desire, creatures dragged from the polluted depths of animal existence, sounds hideous and inconceivable, sensations that cast a frigid horror over the palsied mind. The man battles with misty evils that elude the very grasp of thought, he cannot even answer for his own courage, for the foe is within, it is himself, yet not himself, and its surest weapons are forged in the fires of his own heart. Thence too comes his strength, but his perception of that is obscured in this hour. The last stand of gross Matter, the last barricade before Spirit, is here, and over it the conqueror passes to the frontiers of his kingdom. Hereafter, spiritual warfare is appointed him, the ache and turmoil of the flesh are left behind. The pen refuses to deal with this first great contest, the thought falls back from it, and he who faces its issue is a madman indeed, unless he wears the magic amulet.

It should be ever borne in mind that this self of myriad deceptions is the ruler of the astral or psychic plane. Hence that plane is a play-ground of elemental forces most dangerous and entangling to man. Great intellects, pure hearts are bewitched there. Persons of natural psychic powers are easily stayed in this *cul de sac*, this "no thoroughfare," especially when those

powers are inherited from past lives and have no simultaneous growth with soul in this. They dazzle and blind their possessor. Evil has its greatest momentum on the astral plane. If a man lingers too long he becomes as much intoxicated as is the worldly man with material life, for these too are only senses of a more dazzling order, matter volitalized and more deadly. Its very language, dealing as it does with subtle gradations of color, light, odor and sound, is easily misinterpreted by those who have not obtained the total perception of the illuminated Self. Some think that they have acquired this illumination and steep themselves in psychic enjoyment and action. It is the fickle light of the astral world which floods and bewilders the elemental self. This plane is a necessary experience, a passing trial, not a goal. Only Adepts can fathom its mazes as they look down upon them from above and correctly interpret their bearings. Students must observe and try to control them without acting from them or depending upon them.

So comrades, I say again, procure the magic amulet. It is pure motive. Motive is the polarity of the soul. A polarized ray of light is one so modified by the position of its medium that it is incapable of reflecting or refracting itself in any but one direction. Its polarity depends upon the parallel direction of every molecule of ether constituting the vehicle of the ray. Divergence in one affects the whole. Are you so fixed down in those unfathomed deeps of yours? Do you know to what medium you respond and its position in the Celestial? He who claims to be sure of his motive, he, more than any other, is under the sway of the great magician. How can he be wholly sure when he does not so much as know fully the constitution of the mere outer man? Dares he aver to what the action of his immense and forgotten past has polarized his soul? Can he answer for the essential Motive at its centre when he comes face to face with the mystery at last? The highest keep constant watch over motive. The wise student feeds and increases it. Few indeed have the warrant to "put it to the touch, to win or lose it all." That warrant is only found at the core of the life, written in the blood of the heart. He who can give up all for All, even to his own salvation, he may confront the elemental self. There is nowhere any safety for him unless his hope is anchored in the unmanifest, his present trust in Karma. If the soul has been deflected, future unselfish motive can in time restore its integrity, whereas to loose the ungoverned soul now is to fall a victim to its lower tendency. Rely on Karma, It is divine. We cannot escape It; we may become It.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

The Poetry of Reincarnation in Western Literature.

The poets are the seers of the race. Their best work comes from the intuitional heights where they dwell, conveying truths beyond reason, not understood even by themselves but merely transmitted through them. They are the few tall pines towering above the common forest to that extraordinary exaltation where they catch the earliest and latest sunbeams which prolong their day far beyond the limits below, and penetrating into the rare upper currents whose whisperings seldom descend to the crowd.

However diverse the forms of their expression, the heart of it is thoroughly harmonious. They are always prophets voicing a divine message received in the mount, and in these modern days they are almost the only prophets we have. Therefore it is not a mere pleasantry to collect their testimony upon an unusual theme. When it is found that, though working independently, they are in deep accord upon Reincarnation, the inevitable conclusion is that their common inspiration means something—namely that their gospel is worth receiving.

It may be objected that these poems are merely dreamy effusions along the same line of lunacy, with no real attachment to the solid foundations upon which all wholesome poetry is based; that they are kinks in the intellects of genius displaying the weakness of men otherwise strong. But so universal a feeling cannot be disposed of in that way, especially when it is found to contribute to the solution of life's mystery. All the poets believe in immortality though unaided reason and observation cannot demonstrate it. Some inexperienced people deride the fact that nearly all poetry centres upon the theme of Love—the most illogical and airy of sentiments. But the deepest sense of the world is nourished by the certainty of these "vague" truths. So the presence of Reincarnation in the creed of the poets may give us courage to confide in our own impressions, for "all men are poets at heart." What they have dared publish we may venture to believe and will find a source of strength.

It is well known that the idea of reincarnation abounds in Oriental poetry. But as our purpose is to demonstrate the prevalence of the same thought among our own poets, most of whom are wholly independent of Eastern influence, we shall confine our attention to the spontaneous utterances of American and European poets. We shall find that the great majority of the highest Occidental poets lean toward this thought, and many of them unhesitatingly avow it.

Our study will extend through four parts.

I. American Poets.

II. English Poets.

III. Continental Poets.

IV. Platonic Poets.

If any readers are familiar with other poetic expressions of reincarnation we would be obliged to them if they will kindly communicate the information to us.

E. D. WALKER.

REINCARNATION IN AMERICAN POETRY.

PART I.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

While sauntering through the crowded street
Some half-remembered face I meet,
Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, hath smiled before.
Lost in a gay and festal throng
I tremble at some tender song
Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.
In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessing of a priestly prayer,
When the whole scene which greets mine eyes
In some strange mode I recognize.
As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.
At sunset as I calmly stand
A stranger on an alien strand
Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.
A ship sails toward me o'er the bay
And what she comes to do and say
I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.
O swift, instructive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge : not as dreams
For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft with lightning certainty
Pierce through the dark oblivious brain
To make old thoughts and memories plain:
Thoughts which perchance must travel back
Across the wild bewildering track
Of countless aeons; memories far
High reaching as yon pallid star.
Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A MYSTERY.

The river hemmed with leaving trees
Wound through the meadows green,
A low blue line of mountain showed
The open pines between.

One sharp tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang,
I saw the river of my dreams
The mountain that I sang.

No clue of memory led me on
But well the ways I knew,
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine.
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide,
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream
Or glimpse through aeons old ?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM "THE METEMPSYCHOSIS OF THE PINE.

As when the haze of some wan moonlight makes
Familiar fields a land of mystery,
Where, chill and strange, a ghostly presence wakes
In flower or bush or tree,

Another life, the life of day o'erwhelms
The past from present consciousness takes hue
As we remember vast and cloudy realms
Our feet have wandered through:

So, oft, some moonlight of the mind makes dumb
The stir of outer thought: wide open seems
The gate where through strange sympathies have come
The secret of our dreams;

The source of fine impressions, shooting deep
Below the falling plummet of the sense
Which strike beyond all Time and backward sweep
Through all intelligence.

We touch the lower life of beast and clod
And the long process of the ages see
From blind old Chaos, ere the breath of God
Moved it to harmony.

All outward vision yields to that within
Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key;
We only feel that we have ever been
And evermore shall be.

And thus I know by memories unfurled
In rarer moods and many a subtle sign,
That at one time and somewhere in the world
I was a towering pine.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE POET IN THE EAST.

The poet came to the land of the East
When spring was in the air,
The East was dressed for a wedding feast
So young she seemed and fair
And the poet knew the land of the East
His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams
Familiar visions that mocked his quest
Beside the western streams
Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds unrolled
In the sunset's dying beams.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I know my own creation was divine.
Strewn on the breezy continents I see
The veined shells and burnished scales which once
Enclosed my being—husks that I had.
I brood on all the shapes I must attain
Before I reach the perfect, which is God.
For I am of the mountains and the sea
The deserts and the caverns in the earth
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.
  I was a spirit on the mountain tops,
A perfume in the valleys, a nomadic wind
Roaming the universe, a tireless voice.
I was ere Romulus and Remus were;
I was ere Nineveh and Babylon.
I was and am and evermore shall be
Progressing, never reaching to the end.
  A hundred years I trembled in the grass
The delicate trefoil that muffled warm
A slope on Ida; for a hundred years
Moved in the purple gyre of those dark flowers
The Grecian woman strew upon the dead.
Under the earth in fragrant glooms I dwelt,
Then in the veins and sinews of a pine
On a lone isle, where from the Cyclades
A mighty wind like a leviathan
Ploughed through the brine and from those solitudes
Sent silence frightened.
  A century was as a single day.
What is a day to an immortal soul?
A breath, no more. And yet I hold one hour
Beyond all price,—that hour when from the sky
A bird, I circled nearer to the earth
Nearer and nearer till I brushed my wings
Against the pointed chestnuts, where a stream
Leapt headlong down a precipice; and there
Gathering wild flowers in the cool ravine
Wandered a woman more divinely shaped
Than any of the creatures of the air.
I charmed her thought. I sang and gave her dreams,
Then nestled in her bosom. There I slept
From morn to noon, while in her eyes a thought
Grew sweet and sweeter, deepening like the dawn.
One autumn night I gave a quick low cry
As infants do: we weep when we are born,
Not when we die: and thus came I here
To walk the earth and wear the form of man,
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,
One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God.

T. B. ALDRICH.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Thou and I in spirit land
  One thousand years ago,
Watched the waves beat on the strand :
  Ceaseless ebb and flow,
Vowed to love and ever love,
  One thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade
  Nine hundred years ago
Heard the wild dove in the glade
  Murmuring soft and low,
Vowed to love for evermore
  Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star
  Eight hundred years ago
Saw strange forms of light afar
  In wildest beauty glow.
All things change, but love endures
  Now as long ago.

Thou and I in Norman halls
  Seven hundred years ago
Heard the warden on the walls
  Loud his trumpets blow,
"Ton amors sera tojors"
  Seven hundred years ago.

Thou and I in Germany,
  Six hundred years ago.
Then I bound the red cross on
  True love I must go,
But we part to meet again
  In the endless flow."

Thou and I in Syrian plains
  Five hundred years ago
Felt the wild fire in our veins
  To a fever glow.
All things die, but love lives on
  Now as long ago.

Thou and I in shadow land
  Four hundred years ago
Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand :
  Heard strange breezes blow.
In the ideal love is real .
  This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy
  Three hundred years ago
Lived in faith and deed for God,
  Felt the faggots glow,
Ever new and ever true
  Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas
  Two hundred years ago
Felt the perfumed even-breeze
Spoke in Spanish by the trees
  Had no care or woe.
Life went dreamily in song
  Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I mid Northern snows
  One hundred years ago
Led an iron silent life
  And were glad to flow
Onward into changing death,
  One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
  Met in fashion's show.
Love, did you remember me,
  Love of long ago?
Yes : we kept the fond oath sworn
  One thousand years ago.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE FINAL THOUGHT.

What is the grandest thought
Toward which the soul has wrought?
  Has it the spirit form,
  And the power of a storm?
Comes it of prophesy
  (That borrows light of uncreated fires)
Or of transmitted strains of memory
  Sent down through countless sires?
Which way are my feet set?
Through infinite changes yet
  Shall I go on,
  Nearer and nearer drawn
    To thee,
    God of eternity?
How shall the Human grow,
By changes fine and slow,
To thy perfection from the life dawn sought?
  What is the highest thought?

Ah! these dim memories,
Of when thy voice spake lovingly to me,
Under the Eden trees,
Saying: "Lord of all creation thou shalt be."
How they haunt me and elude—
How they hover, how they brood,
On the horizon, fading yet dying not!
What is the final thought?

What if I once did dwell
In the lowest dust germ-cell,
A faint fore-hint of life called forth of God,
Waxing and struggling on,
Through the long flickering dawn,
The awful while His feet earth's bosom [trod?
What if He shaped me so,
And caused my life to blow
Into the full soul-flower in Eden-air?
Lo! now I am not good,
And I stand in solitude,
Calling to Him (and yet he answers not):
What is the final thought?

What myriads of years up from the germ!
What countless ages back from man to worm!
And yet from man to God, O! help me now!
A cold despair is beading on my brow!
I may see Him, and seeing know him not!
What is the highest thought?

So comes, at last,
The answer from the Vast. . . .
Not so, there is a rush of wings—
Earth feels the presence of invisible things,
Closer and closer drawn
In rosy mists of dawn!
One dies to conquer Death
And to burst the awful tomb—
Lo, with his dying breath,
He blows love into bloom!
Love! Faith is born of it!
Death is the scorn of it!
It fills the earth and thrills the heavens [above,
And God is love,
And life is love, and, though we heed it not,
Love is the final thought.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

FROM "A POEM READ AT BROWN UNIVERSITY."

But, what a mystery this erring mind?
It wakes within a frame of various powers
A stranger in a new and wondrous world.
It brings an instinct from some other sphere,
For its fine senses are familiar all
And with the unconscious habit of a dream
It calls and they obey. The priceless sight
Springs to its curious organ, and the ear
Learns strangely to detect the articulate air
In its unseen divisions, and the tongue
Gets its miraculous lesson with the rest,
And in the midst of an obedient throng
Of well trained ministers, the mind goes forth
To search the secrets of its new found home.

N. P. WILLIS.

To the above may be added the following which have already been printed in THE PATH: "Rain in Summer," by H. W. Longfellow; "The Twilight," by J. R. Lowell; "Facing Westward from California's Shore," and parts of "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman.

Evidence and Impossibility.

[The logic of a priori negation and the relations of the Subjective to the Objective in the estimation of evidence.]

It is a not uncommon fact of experience that evidence of apparently great intrinsic weight is rejected on the ground of the improbability or impossibility of the occurrence it attests. As this question as to the reliability of evidence has been re-opened of late years by the imposing body of testimony presented in favour of super-normal phenomena—lifted entirely above the range of ordinary scientific experience—it may not be amiss to consider in as brief a manner as possible, the logical basis of the *à priori dismissal* of such facts as "impossible," as also to shadow forth the relations of the Subjective and the Objective in the formation of our beliefs and convictions.

According to J. S. Mill, whose words I quote at some length[1], as admirably illustrative of the *true* scientific attitude towards attestations of abnormal occurrences in general—an attitude unfortunately rarely adopted by our materialistic present-day philosophers "the positive evidence produced in support of an assertion which is nevertheless rejected on the score of impossibility or improbability is never such as to amount to full proof. It is always grounded on some approximate generalisation. The fact may have been asserted by a hundred witnesses; but there are many exceptions to the universality of the generalisation that what a hundred witnesses affirm is true.[2] . . . The evidence then in the affirmative being never more than an approximate generalisation all will depend on what the evidence in the negative is. If that also rests on an approximate generalisation it is a case for the comparison of probabilities. . . . If, however, an alleged fact be in contradiction, not to any number of approximate generalisations, but to a completed generalisation, grounded on a rigorous induction, it is said to be impossible and is to be disbelieved totally."

All this is eminently scientific—common sense formulated in an elaborate terminology.

Whatever is asserted counter to a complete induction is necessarily false. But clearly to be complete the induction must first embrace all the phenomena. And if facts not amenable to inclusion in it, are brought forward sup-

1 "System of Logic." People's Edition, p. 406.

2 A very questionable statement. The exceptions are extremely rare. There undoubtedly have been cases—as in the celebrated Crystal Palace Fire incident when a vast crowd mistook a fluttering flag for a struggling chimpanzee—when multitudes have been subject to misapprehension, but in all these the error arose from an illusory interpretation only of something really objective. The evidence for the generality of psychic phenomena stands on wholly different grounds—in fact the actuality of the attested facts usually depends on one question—are all the witnesses conspiring to lie? The contrary admitted, the attested facts must also be.

ported on credible testimony, are we to declare the induction incomplete and admit the facts or exclude them by asserting its present comprehensive character? Must we not reject the induction in the face of the attested facts? Have we in any way the right to call it already complete? To this Mr. Mill answers :—

"I answer we have that right whenever the scientific canons of induction give it to us; that is whenever the induction *can* be complete. We have it, for example, in a case of causation in which there has been an *experimentum crucis*. If an antecedent A, superadded to a set of antecedents in all other respects unaltered, is followed by an effect B which did not exist before, A is in that instance at least, the cause of B, or an indispensable part of its cause; and if A be tried again, with many totally different sets of antecedents and B still follows, then it is the whole cause. If these observations or experiments have been repeated so often as to exclude all supposition of error in the observer, a law of nature is established; and so long as this law is received as such, the assertion that on any particular occasion A took place and yet B did not follow, *without any counteracting cause*, must be disbelieved."

These remarks of Mill utterly overthrow the position of the pseudo-scientific sceptics who impugn the validity of all abnormal facts on the ground of their being "opposed to the Laws of Nature."

Equally in the case of the phenomena of spiritualism as in that of miracle-evidence, the position of the ultra-'rationalistic' school is only tenable when the assertion is put forward that the laws of nature—*i. e.* the observed sequence of certain antecedents or sets of antecedents by certain consequents—were temporarily suspended for a special purpose. But every Theosophist, philosophical Spiritualist, in discussing the phenomenal aspect of his belief, admits the presence of "*some counteracting cause*" and with this admission before him it becomes not only arbitrary, but *unscientific*, for the sceptic to deny on purely *á priori* grounds phenomena attested by so many observers of repute and sagacity. This I think is apparent even from the standpoint of so rigid a thinker as Mill. Arm chair Negation is on his declaration clearly shown to be little better than an arrogation of omniscience. It is a reversion to the old scholastic fallacy—before the days of Bacon and the foundation of science on observation and generalisation upon facts—of attempting to settle all philosophical questions on the starveling régime of Deductive Logic. No justification can be offered for such an exhibition of prejudice, unless—and in this lies the real point at issue in the theoretical handling of the question—the existence of any unknown laws of nature and that of beings competent to manipulate them or living men consciously or unconsciously furnishing the conditions requisite for their manifestation is denied *in toto*. The former plea is one which not even the boldest sceptic

would care to urge; the progress and future prospects of science being *based on the supposition that next to nothing has been yet ascertained of the secrets this magnificent Universe holds in store for posterity.*

The denial of the latter assertion is simply worthless for the reason that in this case Scientists while on the one hand professing their unalterable devotion to the laws of Induction, deliberately give the lie to their protestations by refusing for the most part even to entertain such a possibility, much less to examine the evidence on the validity of which they proceed so presumptuously to dogmatize. Consult Dr. Bain's Logic Part II. This eminent psychologist while admitting in his discussion of the value of Hypotheses, "that it would seem irrational to affirm that we already know all existing causes, and *permission must be given to assume, if need be, an entirely new agent* (p. 131) and also that "natural agencies can never be suspended; they may be *counteracted by opposite agencies*" (p. 81), has the temerity to remark (p. 149) that all evidence to the effect that a table rose to the ceiling of a room without physical contact is to be totally disbelieved! What! This —the commonest experience of spiritualism, a phenomenon *millions* of investigators could if necessary vouch for—is to be dismissed with a sneer by the 'scientific' reasoner! And for what reason? Because it conflicts with a complete Induction—the Law of Gravity. We will not stop to consider whether Polarity is not the true explanation of the phenomena of 'gravitation.' We have merely to remember Mr. Mill's remarks and the admissions of Dr. Bain himself. Why postulate a suspension of the law of gravity with a '*counteracting cause*' in view. The duty of the Scientists is clear, viz., to investigate and inform us of the nature of this cause, not to sit still in their arm-chairs and attack the veracity or sanity of countless painstaking observers. The foolish statement above commented upon is about as 'scientific,' as would be the assertion that when A lifts a stone from the ground, there is a suspension of law; the necessary explanation clearly being that a new cause has intervened producing a new effect. Prof. Huxley has assured us that the possibilities of Nature are infinite; brags that outside of pure mathematics it is imprudent to make use of the term "impossible." In all such cases, as the one above, where the evidence in favor of a super-normal fact is exceedingly strong, our object should be to accept the attestations of the witnesses and *then search for the unknown "counteracting cause."* Was not the existence of the planet Neptune first ascertained in this manner? Is it not the scientific Method of Residues—one of the triumphs of Inductive Logic—which Sceptics of the stamp of Professor Bain are deliberately ignoring in the compilation of such sophistries as the specimen "on exhibit" above?

To what absurd lengths, however, some writers, claiming a community of common-sense with their fellow-men, can proceed is to be seen in the

following quotation from the well-known materialist, Dr. Ludwig Büchner[1]: "There can be no doubt that all pretended cases of clairvoyance rest upon fraud or illusion. Clairvoyance, that is a perception of external objects without the use of the senses is an impossibility. . . . No one can read an opaque sealed letter, extend his vision to America, see with closed eyes what passes around him, look into the future or guess the thoughts of others. These truths rest upon the natural laws, which are irrefutable, and admit, like other natural laws, of no exception. All that we know, we know by the medium of our senses. There exist no super-sensual and super-natural things and capacities; and they never can exist, as the external conformity of the laws of nature would thereby be suspended. As little as a stone can ever fall in any other direction than towards the centre of the earth, so little can a man see without using his eyes. Cases so repugnant to the laws of nature have never been acknowledged by rational unprejudiced individuals. Ghosts and spirits have hitherto only been seen by children or ignorant and superstitious individuals. All that has been narrated of the visits of departed spirits is sheer nonsense."

And this is "Science!" This the boasted freedom of Inductive research—*à priori* negation and a fatuous bigoted scepticism. The last few observations just quoted in the present intellectual and social status of the witnesses for these unpalatable psychic phenomena are simply folly, empty vapourings of a distorted mind. To-day it is Science that plays the bigot and inquisitor. Better the deposed idols of orthodoxy than the dead-sea fruits of Materialistic blindness! In the words of a celebrated physiologist "The morality which flows from scientific materialism may be comprehended within these few words, 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.' All noble thoughts are vain dreams, the effusions of automata with two arms running about on two legs, which, being finally decomposed into chemical atoms, combine themselves anew, resembling the dance of lunatics in a mad-house."[2]

The question of the relation of the subjective to the objective in our estimation of evidence is one of very great interest. We must premise our remarks by saying that there is no intention here of discussing that feeble and contemptible receptivity known as credulity, which practically converts the person exhibiting it into a species of intellectual dust-bin into which rumours of all kinds drift pell mell. "Rubbish shot here" is not the mental signboards the erection of which we advocate. But students of history and believers in the theory of cycles are compelled to admit that the progress of beliefs and opinions is one in which objective evidence as such plays a rela-

1 "Force and matter." p. 152. (Engl. Edit. Trübner & Co.)—A more *dogmatic* work than which, though based professedly on inductive principles, we may search in vain among the Patristic literature to find.

2 Prof. Rudolph Wagner quoted by Büchner "Force and Matter," p. 255.

tively unimportant part—that in short it is the mental pre-dispositions of humanity at large which determine the intrinsic force of external facts considered in their relation to contemporary thought.

This feature of intellectual development is one fully verified by all historical data and indeed a corollary of the theory of cycles. For instance the widespread diffusion of materialistic views at the present day may seem to a superficial observer to be due to the fuller evidence as to the connection of mind and brain possessed by our modern physiologists and physicists. But we find on closer inspection that the arguments of Materialism from Democritus and Lucretius to Büchner, have practically remained the same in their *objective* entirety—it is the *subjective* disposition of men in general to assimilate such interpretations of nature, that determines their present cogency. Experience shows us that the objective in all similar cases, only acquires evidential force, when the subjective corresponding to it in the human mind is in the ascendant. Take the problem of Miracle-evidence. Here again it is exceedingly questionable whether the rationalistic contentions against the reality of the gospel phenomena have in any way increased in weight *per se* through the centuries. Even Strauss admitted that he had only re-stated the arguments which were always at the service of the pioneers of liberal thought. What then has determined the rebellion against Orthodoxy, but the growth of a *subjective* tendency to reject all such accounts on *à priori* grounds—the influence of a changed intellectual environment. Given Miracle-Evidence = X, and the original Subjective Receptivity = Y, the rejection of the former has been due not to an intrinic diminution in the evidential force of X *per se*, but by a decline in the extent of the latter factor to perhaps $\frac{Y}{2}$ or $\frac{Y}{4}$, exemplified in the use of the term a "*growing antecedent improbability*." Theosophists, however, who adopt the philosophical plan of admitting the 'miracle'-evidence but at the same time of declining to base upon such a foundation the supernatural inferences grouped under the head of orthodox christianity, are thus shown to be occupying a position impregnable to the assaults of Theologian and Scientist alike. Again it was nothing but the *preparedness* of public opinion which resulted in the favourable debut of the Darwinian theory of evolution. The startling assumptions, geological, palaeontological and other difficulties, and lavish display of hypotheses, which characterized this celebrated speculation at its outset, would have assuredly involved its rejection, but for the *subjective receptivity* of the scientific world in general. The subjective pre-disposition to receive such a view being already present, the objective correspondencies in nature must—despite of apparent checks and obstacles—be *made* to dove-tail with the theory. It did not rest on its *objective* evidences "not on its experimental demonstration" as Tyndall himself admits (Belfast Address) but "in its general harmony with the method of nature as hitherto known."

This is therefore a distinct case in which *mental conditions* absolutely determine the cogency of *objective data*. As a convincing illustration of the correctness of this contention, we need only turn to the consideration of the relations of physical science and spiritualism. If objective evidence *per se* was competent to enforce conviction, the acceptance of psychic phenomena as established facts would have now been a thing of the past. It is beyond question that the body of witnesses in favour of these phenomena greatly exceeds in number that on which the assertions of any distinct branch of science rests. These witnesses include some of the most liberal scientists, and literary men, thinkers of the greatest perspicacity and acuteness,—inquirers rescued from the talons of Materialism, as well as former Agnostics, Positivists and Sectarians.

Where in ordinary scientific investigation we have usually only the *dictum* of the individual experimenter to accept "on faith"; in accounts of psychic occurrences we are almost invariably presented with the collective testimony of numerous observers. How comes it about that Tyndall in his Belfast Address can pay a deserved compliment to that luminary of the Evolution-School, Mr. A. R. Wallace, and in the same materialistic effusion stigmatise spiritualism as "degrading" thus indirectly impugning the powers of observation of the scientist whom he has just eulogized?[1] Darwin quotes or repeats the same author over 50 times in his "Descent of Man;" but it is consistent for those who pin their faith to that work, to avail themselves in this way of the evidence of Mr. Wallace where it suits their purpose and to reject or ignore it wholly where it does not. Science, we have been told by one of its most eminent representatives, is bound to face every problem presented to it. Whether it does so, the treatment experienced by honest inquirers like Crookes, Zollner, Hare and others at the hands of their purblind fellow scientist may be left to show. Well; we have had the Popes of theology, we must now bear, as well as we may, the Popes and Inquisition of science.

Objective facts, therefore, present themselves differently to different minds. The Christian idea of "Faith" is not without its substratum of truth. And in questions such as those of Spiritualism and Theosophy, we maintain that wanting the *subjective receptivity of the individual mind objective*

1. The subjective deficiency resulting in this extraordinary inconsistency is curiously exemplified in the following extract from a letter quoted in Crooke's "Phenomena of Spiritualism" (p. 82). It confirms our position as to the intrinsic force of evidence.

"Any *intellectual* reply to your facts I cannot see. Yet it is a curious fact that even I with all my tendency and desire to believe spiritualistically, and with all my faith in your power of observing and your thorough truthfulness, feel as if I wanted to see for myself; and it is quite painful to me to think how much more proof I want. Painful, I say, because I see that *it is not reason which convinces a man*, unless a fact is repeated so frequently that the impression becomes a habit of mind" . . . In other words the writer, though a liberal critic and *even anxious* to assimilate the facts, could not because his KARMA had not endowed him with that *Subjective Receptivity* which alone *stamps* objective evidence with a lasting cogency.

evidence is valueless. Facts by themselves however well supported by incontrovertible testimony make no appeal to the intellect, if some recess is not already prepared for their reception. And is not this Receptivity innate in many, if not in the majority of our brother-theosophists? Ought we not to regard our *capacity* to accept the teachings of the Masters as *a glorious Karmic Heritage*—the outcome of some vague spiritual aspirations in a former existence—a ray from a distant past lighting up the Cimmerian gloom of the materialistic world in which we live? Such at least would seem to be the teaching of the Secret Doctrine.

E. D. FAWCETT.

REINCARNATIONS OF MAHATMAS.

A few words about what are called the "artificial" reincarnations of Mahatmas may be of service in clearing up some quite general misapprehensions on the subject. Of course it is hardly possible for us, under our present circumstances, to gain an understanding of the conditions governing these reincarnations, but some idea of the general principle involved may be of material aid to us in our studies. Perhaps *continuous* reincarnations might be the better term, since the word "artificial" is apt to convey the impression of something unnatural, whereas they must be quite as much within the order of Nature as those of ordinary humanity. But they are distinguished from the latter by the fact that the course of physical existence is uninterrupted; that when one garment of flesh has served its purpose it is cast aside and another is straightway assumed, until the Mission of the Great Soul is accomplished; whereas with ordinary humanity there is a long subjective existence in the Devachanic state intervening between the periods of physical life.

But a consideration of the lives of the great teachers of the world will bring us to the conclusion that the reincarnated Mahatma does not at once demonstrate that he is what is called an Adept; that is, a person gifted with extraordinary attributes and with powers over the forces of nature. It is necessary that the new personality should be developed; that it should be aroused to a consciousness of the Great Soul which animates it. The personality is that collection of attributes and experiences amassed during a single life in the physical. Through the right use made of these experiences, this personality, the Inner Self, raises itself to a recognition of the Higher Self and thereby unites its consciousness with that of the latter. This union once brought about, the higher conciousness is never lost

This exalted state attained, the entity,—that which constitutes the feeling of individuality—never departs from it. But each time the rein-

carnation takes place the process has to be repeated for the outer personality. This, at first sight, will be apt to be regarded as an affliction, constituting a continuous series of struggles appalling in their long array, particularly when we are told in *The Light of the White Lotus* that to attain the union with the Highest Self may mean to "retain life upon this planet so long as it may last." Many might at once be inclined to doubt whether a boon were involved in such a prospect.

On reflection, however, it will be seen that the real state of the case is quite the contrary. The struggle can occur but once for each personality. The Higher Self, "the proud, indifferent god who sits in the sanctuary," remains undisturbed all the while, viewing the whole series of incarnations calmly and unmoved, and unaffected by anything that may happen. It is a process of educating a long series of various personalities into a consciousness of the Eternal, and each, on attainment, becomes one with the Higher Self, sharing with all who have gone before, the lofty standpoint from which the work is thenceforth carried on. Thus each personality of a Mahatma, until its spiritual rebirth is accomplished, may have to endure to a greater or less degree, according to circumstances, that which we call sin and suffering, and all this sin and suffering is essential to its work in the world. So it must have been with the personalties of all the great Masters who have had their work to do in the world.

The Mahatma, however, can neither sin nor suffer, whatever the personality may do, for he well knows that there is no final distinction between good and evil, between pleasure and pain, and that each and all work alike to the same end. The nature of any particular personality of a series varies, of course, according to the work on earth for which it is the chosen instrument, and so the period of the spiritual rebirth—or the recognition of, and union with, the Higher Self—may come at various points, sooner or later, in the earthly career. There may be, and perhaps generally is, an intuitive perception of one's true Self in early childhood, as Browning has so beautifully depicted in his *Paracelsus*, in the passage beginning :

> "From childhood I have been possessed
> By a fire—by a true fire, or faint or fierce,
> As from without some master, so it seemed,
> Repressed or urged its current."

The final consummation may come to pass either in youth, in early manhood, or in full maturity. When this time comes, one then recognizes that all sin and suffering have been mere illusion ; that they were but means to a given end.

This may throw some light on what are called the shortcomings of persons who may be far advanced in mystical development ; shortcomings which the world cannot comprehend as consistent with their connection

with grand spiritual teachings. The fact, however, affords no pretext to any person for self-excuse of their own shortcomings; a point in which lies a great danger. By thus endeavoring to excuse themselves, and seeking a pretext for selfish indulgences, they commit the profanition of attempting to exalt the finite consciousness of their lower Self, to the place of the infinite consciousness of the Higher Self, which alone can rightly judge in such contingencies.

While the personality of the incarnated Master is a human being, with all the attributes which make any other human being, its constitution is naturally of a finer order, so as to make it an instrument adapted to the work for which it has been brought into the world. Much may be learned in this respect from the following extract from a letter from a Master concerning the reincarnations of Buddha:

"As in the legend of the miraculous conception, which came into the Christian religion from the Eastern source, the Buddha spirit overshadows the mother, and so prepares a pure and perfect home for its incarnated self. The mother must be virgin in soul and thought."

The difference between the reincarnations of Mahatmas and those of ordinary humanity is, after all probably only one of degree. The same experiences must be passed through by each and all. The great end must finally be attained by the latter "even though it take billions of centuries," as Kerning, the German mystic, powerfully puts it. And, with the former, it must be the consummation also of billions of centuries. Time, however, is one of the illusions of the physical.

The process and course of the reincarnations of an individuality may be symbolized by a string of beads, each new personality being the formation of a new bead and adding it to the series. Each bead *seems* to have an individual consciousness which, however, in reality is the consciousness of the whole. The circumstances of the physical life are what obscure the knowledge of this fact, a knowledge which is attained by clearing away the clouds that dim the light which is always there. On reaching this state, the consciousness becomes transferred from that of the single bead to that of the whole, but its continuity is not thereby interrupted, any more than an interruption is necessitated by becoming familiar with all the rooms in a house after leaving some particular room in which one's infancy has been spent, or by passing out of the house into the open air. The knowledge of the greater includes that of the less; the less is by no means lost,—it has been indispensable, but after its lesson has been learned its relative importance is diminished. It would be well for us to strive to bear in mind that all our past personalities really exist to-day as much as they ever did, and that they now are as much ourselves as is this particular present personality which we call ourselves.

The following passage in *Through the Gates of Gold* is a powerful and glorious picture of the state which consummates the union with the Highest Self and which transcends pleasure and pain, sin and suffering: "In that inmost sanctuary all is to be found: God and his creatures, the fiends who prey on them, those among men who have been loved, those who have been hated. Difference between them exists no longer. Then the soul of man laughs in its fearlessness, and goes forth into the world in which its actions are needed, and causes these actions to take place without apprehension, alarm, fear, regret or joy."

S. B.

Some Poetry of the Sufis.

Dear Path: I send you a little fragment from the Sufi poetry, and hope you will find it acceptable.

Rome, Italy. K. H.

A PARABLE OF JELLALEDDIN.

At the Belovèd's door a timid knock was heard;
And a voice came from within, sweeter than morning bird,
Softer than silver drops that from plashing fountains fall,
"Who is there?"—And the stillness stirred
For a moment and that was all.

And the lover who stood without, eager and full of fear,
Answered the silver Voice,—"It is I, who am waiting here;
Open then, my Belovèd, open thy door to me!"
But he heard the response ring clear
"This house will not hold Me and Thee!"

And the door remained fast shut, and the lover went away
Far into the desert's depths, to wait and fast and pray:
To dwell in the tents of Sorrow and drink of the cup of Grief:
And Solitude taught him each day,
And Silence brought him relief.

And after a year he returned, and knocked at the close-shut door,
And he heard the Belovèd's Voice as it answered him once more,
"Who is there?" And soft as the dew, or the velvety roseleaf's fall,
And low as when angels adore,
He said—"'Tis Thyself that doth call!"

And his heart stood still with fear, and his eager eyes were dim;—
Then through the silent night rang the sound of a marriage hymn;
And the bolts and bars flew back, and the door was open wide,
And fair on the threshold's rim
Stood his Belovèd, his Bride!

Thoughts in Solitude.

VI.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

When sickened with the petty aims of the world around—when wearied and despairing in the quest of the ideal brotherhood, it is refreshing to recognise a kinship of spirit even across the gulf of centuries—to feel that the brotherhood of love we seek for is no vain dream, and that when we are worthy to enter its ranks, comrades such as Sydney will be there to welcome us.

On reading over the life of this paragon of the Elizabethan period, though his actual achievement seems at first sight scarcely to warrant the renown he won, the aroma of his character which so captivated his contemporaries, is still felt to be the truest criterion by which to judge the man.

But the chief lesson to be learned by students of occultism from the life of Sidney is that in proportion as passion rises to intensity is its power to act as the true alchabest in the transmutation of the baser metals of our nature into the pure gold of the heart.

For the mass of men who stagnate through life without one intense passion to fire their nature, the formula of Eliphas Levi—modified as follows would indeed seem to be appropriate—though of course referring to the ultimate destiny, not to the result of any one earth-life. "The spiritual passion towards good and the spiritual passion towards evil are the two poles of the world of souls: between these two poles vegetate and die without remembrance the useless portion of mankind."

To see that Sidney was made in a more fiery mould, it needs but to read his "Astrophel and Stella." Though the complete purging of his nature and the conquest of self is only made apparent in the concluding sonnets, the passionate outbursts of his love, and the fiery path he had to tread are manifest throughout the poem, and naturally form a bond of union—all the closer when the culmination of the desire has been identical—with those who have had analogous experience.

It is perhaps difficult at first to realize how the love of an actual living woman should have the same purging and purifying effect as a similar love idealised, but nature is not to be bound by rules of our making in her methods of drawing different souls towards perfection. Both may be taken as illustrations of the fact that whether emotion starts from a pleasurable or a painful source, on reaching a high enough degree of intensity, it enters the region where pleasure and pain are merged in one, and then it is that it becomes the solvent of the man's lower nature.

It must indeed have been a fiery ordeal that Sidney passed through, for

the earthly love by its intensity so to burn itself clean out of the heart, and leave only the lofty aspirations expressed in the following sonnet, which truly seem to formulate the very sum and substance of Theosophic thought.

"Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self chosen snare,
Fond fancies' scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of will whose end is never wrought!
Desire, Desire! I have too dearly bought.
With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire:
For virtue hath this better lesson taught—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring naught but how to kill desire."

PILGRIM.

"SHALL WE KNOW OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?"

When that system of philosophy which is now known as the Esoteric Doctrine was first given to the world, it was stated that, in the state of "Spiritual Bliss" or Devachan,—which was entered by the soul which had passed through the "World of Desire," or Káma Loka, after separation from the body—the soul was not alone but was surrounded by those friends who had been loved on earth, and that these friends were as peaceful and happy as the soul in whose company they were.

Some time afterwards the questions were submitted to the authorities in occult matters, the ninth of which, asking for further information as to the intercourse with beloved Souls, was especially directed to ascertain whether those friends who accompanied the enjoyer of "Spiritual Bliss" appeared as they were when he died, supposing that he died first, or as they were when they died themselves.

It is notable that, of the ten questions asked, only this ninth and another also dealing with the same condition of "Spiritual Bliss" were left unanswered, while most of the others were answered fully, not to say voluminously; so that the question we are considering received no further elucidation from the occult authorities, and consequently, still remains open.

Our best chance of arriving at approximately correct conclusions in questions of this sort is by examining them in the light of the analogy

afforded by those states of consciousness which are accessible to us while experiencing incarnated existence.

If we examine the various conditions of consciousness grouped under the name of sleep, we may obtain a partial insight into the conditions of after-death experience, and we may gain at least a clue to the solution of the question at issue.

In the ordinary course of events, before reaching the state of deep sleep we pass through an intermediate stage of dreaming, in which we review the events of the day, many of our day's wishes and desires working themselves out and obtaining their fulfilment, and very often faces, which during the day have made a vivid impression on us, reappear in our dreams, acting as we have seen them act and manifesting the various mental and moral qualities which we believe them to possess; in short, in appearance, action, speech and thought very much as we know them in waking life, sometimes as they are, sometimes as they have been formerly, and sometimes in several characters of varying age and growth in a single dream.

It would be very interesting to know what relation the image of a person appearing in a dream has to the mental state, at the time, of the person dreamed of, if it has any such relation, and what effect various personalities have on each others' dreams while these dreams are in progress; at present, however, we will do no more than indicate such a line of inquiry, suggesting as a clue the modern discoveries in telepathy.

It is sufficient for our purpose that in the state of dreaming the images of our friends are present to us, similar in appearance and in mental qualities to what they were when the state of dreaming began.

The next condition is that of dreamless sleep, some of the higher stages of which have been indicated in a very able article published in the first number of this magazine. Only two characteristics of this state need be noticed, the second higher than the first: one is that it is a state of peaceful calm in which neither the body and physical surroundings, nor the dream-life with its surroundings are present to the consciousness, and the other, that it is the day of the intuitional faculties, the moral and ethical nature, in which the soul becomes vividly conscious of moral law.

To what degree the moral environment of the soul, in this condition of dreamless sleep, is influenced by the moral nature of other individualities, especially those of superior development, is also a very interesting inquiry, but at present we must be content with considering dreamless sleep as a condition of peaceful rest and consciousness of moral law, in which the soul is not conscious of the class of objects manifested in waking and dream life, and in which, consequently, friends could not be present to the consciousness in any form at all similar to our waking or dream experience of them.

These two states will give us a clue to the experiences after death in

the "World of Desire" or Kama Loka, and in the state of "Spiritual Bliss" or Devachan. As in dreaming our desires obtain the gratification which was denied them in waking life, so that we often hear of sufferers from thirst dreaming of cooling streams, so we are told that in Kama Loka the lower desires we have accumulated during life must work themselves off before Devachan is reached.

From this we are led to infer that in Kama Loka our friends or at least those of them who have been associated with such desires, may be present to our consciousness in form, speech, and thought as we have known them in life.

In Devachan, however, if our analogy be true, nothing resembling the ordinary appearance of such friends, indeed nothing at all belonging to the class of objects which are cognised by the senses, nothing but what is soundless and invisible can be present to the consciousness.

If, however, it be true that the moral nature of others has an influence on our intuitional consciousness in dreamless sleep, it is also probably true that the moral nature of others, especially of our friends, as being those with whom our moral nature is most in harmony, will influence our consciousness in the Devachanic condition, and will do so, of course, quite irrespective of the question whether they are alive or dead, supposing it be possible to reach the Devachanic state in so short a time as the survival of friends would imply.

But our friends, if present at all, will not be present to us in any visible form, they will make themselves felt as a moral influence, strong in proportion to their purity and affinity to us.

We will conclude with a quotation from Sankaracharya which gives a very suggestive hint as to the entities really concerned in both waking and dream life:

"In dream where there is no substantial reality, one enters a world of enjoyment by the power of *manas*. So it is in the waking life, without any difference, all this is the manifestation of *manas*."

Dublin, Ireland. CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

SOME THEOSOPHICAL STATISTICS.

Inasmuch as some interested persons have seen fit to publish in denominational papers, statements that the Theosophical Society has gone to pieces in India, and that those few who still remain in it are either weak dupes or else persons of obscure life and no influence, the following may be of interest.

In 1879 the two great pioneers of this movement, Mme. H. P.

Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott, landed at Bombay in India, with no followers and but few adherents. They were met by a very small gathering composed of some Brahmins, Parsees and others, who had joined the society by correspondence, while it was only in its infancy. It may be interesting to know that the Diplomas of these gentlemen were engrossed and sent to them by the Editor of this magazine who was drawing up all the Diplomas that were being then issued. These men entered the pioneer ranks because some of them had received intimations through their own teachers that this was a movement having power behind it, and the others having intuitions that way.

In a short time interest arose, and when *The Theosophist* was started it had an immediate recognition. Branch societies were started as follows:

In the year 1880, eight in Ceylon, and one in Bombay.

In 1881, seven in the following towns:

Allahabad, Bareilly, Berhampore, Bhavnagar, Muddehpoorah.

In 1882, 26 divided among these towns:

Adoni	Calcutta	Kishnaghur	Sholapore
Arrah	Cawnpore	Lucknow	Simla
Bankipore	Dharjeeling	Madras	
Baroda	Guntoor	Meerut	
Bellary	Gya	Nellore	
Bhagulpore	Hyderabad	Palghat	
Bhaunagar	Jamalpore	Poona	
Bolaram	Jeypore	Secunderabad	

In 1883, 37 as follows in:

Aligarh	Combaconum	Howrah	Narail
Bankura	Cuddalore	Jessore	Negapatam
Bara Banki	Dacca	Jubbulpore	Ootacamund
Beauleah	Delhi	Kapurthala	Pondicherry
Bhowanipore	Dumraon	Karwar	Rae Bareli
Burdwan	Durbhanga	Kurnool	Searsole
Chakdighi	Fyzabad	Madura	Srivilliputtur
Chingleput	Ghazipore	Mayaveram	Tanjore
Chinsurah	Gooty	Midnapore	Trevandrum
Coimbatore	Gorakhpur	Moradabad	Trichinopoly

In 1884, in Arcot, Chittoor, Dindigul, Tiruppatur, Periya-Kulam, Saidpur, Vellore, Vizianagram.

In 1885, 12 in:

Anantapur	Dakshineswar	Nagpur	Siliguri
Arni	Fatehgarh	Paramakudi	
Benares	Hoshangabad	Rangoon	
Cocanada	Karur	Seoni-Chappara	

In 1886, in Bangalore, Cuddapah, Noakhali, Orai.

All of the foregoing are in India. Ceylon has 8 branches, in these towns:

Bentota, Colombo (2), Galle, Kandy, Matara, Panadure, Welitara, and have among their number some of the best known men of that historic Island.

The officers and members of the Indian Societies include well known Hindus, who are officials in many instances under the English and native governments, others being lawyers and merchants, who, if they have not the honor of the acquaintance of the English and American missionaries, possess the respect and confidence of the community and the government. In Baroda the secretary is a judge; at Beauleah he is the head master of a school; in Berhampore a government executive engineer is in charge of the Branch; at Bhaunagar, the president is His Highness Prince Harisingji Rupsinghji; at Burdwan, the secretary is a professor in the Maharajah's college; at Hyderabad the president is a pensioned English official, and the members include government servants of the Nyzam; at Madras we find the eminent pleader T. Subba Row, and Judge Srinivasa Row; at Poona the president is Judge, Khan Bahadur Navroji Dorabji Khandallavalla; at Secunderabad nearly all the best young Hindus and Parsees are members—they, however, do not know the missionaries since their caste is not low enough.

The reason why English and American missionaries are found writing in our papers about the death of the movement there, is, that they mix only with uninterested Englishmen and very low caste Hindus and these latter necessarily know but little of the Theosophical Society being too much engaged in tilling the soil or in acting as servants in missionaries' houses to have the time to enter Branches. They are in precisely the position of the millions of poor working people in America whose spare time is spent in resting from labor. The missionaries *do not* mix with the better class Hindus. This we know by actual experience. How then can they pretend to report correctly. It would therefore seem wise for them to enquire at the proper quarter when seeking information to send to denominational papers here, and not to depend solely on imaginations which have a proneness for clothing fictions in fair words.

Our readers should also know that through the Theosophical Society many Sanscrit schools have been started all over India, devoted to arousing interest in ancient religious books. Several papers in various languages have come on the field. Sunday schools of Buddhism are carried on in Ceylon; a theosophical paper called *Saddarsanah Sindaresah* is published there, and altogether the interest and activity in the Society's work have increased in all directions. The Ceylon work is so important that there is a separate headquarters there.

Since the foundation of the Society but four charters have lapsed, and in January, 1887, there were in existence all over the world 132 Branches. The distribution of these Branches, is as follows :

In India :—In Bengal, 21 : in Behar, 8 ; N. W. P., Oudh, and Punjab, 21 ; Cent. Prov., 4 ; Bombay, 6 ; Kathiawar, 2 ; Madras Pres, 38.

In Burmah there are 3 ; in Ceylon, 8 ; in England, 1 ; Scotland, 1 ; Ireland, 1 ; France, 1 ; Germany, 1 ; in America, 13 ; Greece, 1 ; Holland, 1 ; Russia, 1 ; West Indies, 2 ; Africa, 1 ; Australia, 1.

The king of Burmah at one time requested Col. Olcott to go over there.

The Branch in Greece has been long established and includes men of influence. The American Branches are in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Malden, Rochester, Cincinnati, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles and St. Louis.

We have not published the foregoing in order to arouse controversy with papers printed in the interest of any sect, but solely to put theosophists and inquirers in America in possession of the actual facts. A faithful picture of what we have ourselves seen in India would show a wider interest than we have been able in small space to outline, and we therefore feel increased confidence that the work begun in New York in 1875 is not yet near its close.

On June 1st a large convention of pundits, princes and instructors assembled at Haniwar, India, to discuss plans for revival of Sanscrit and Aryan literature. Col. Olcott was present by invitation to give his views.

Cincinnati. At a recent meeting of this Branch, Bro. J. Ralston Skinner read a valuable paper on *Cycles of Time*. On this subject Bro. Skinner is an authority. The Branch is active and prospering.

Aryan Theosophical Society. The library of this Branch is increasing. It now contains 221 books, and recently Mrs. M. L. Ritler donated to it 21 volumes.

St. Louis. The Pranava Theosophical Society has just been formed here, with Bros. Throckmorton and Thos. M. Johnson as prime movers. Fuller particulars will appear in August.

Literary Notes.

Through the Gates of Gold.—The authorship of *Through the Gates of Gold* is now announced. It proceeds, as many have surmised, from the same source as *Light on the Path* and *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, "M. C." being the initials of Miss Mabel Collins, a gifted English writer widely known in London, the writer of various popular novels before her attention was

occupied by Theosophical work, and a member of a literary family of eminence. The knowledge of the fact that she is the author of these works is likely to make something of a stir in London literary circles. A new edition of *Through the Gates of Gold* is forthcoming with the author's name on the title-page and with these words preceding the prologue:

"Once, as I sat alone writing, a mysterious Visitor entered my study, unannounced, and stood beside me. I forgot to ask who he was or why he entered so unceremoniously, for he began to tell me of the Gates of Gold. He spoke from knowledge; and from the fire of his speech I caught faith. I have written down his words; but alas, I cannot hope that the fire shall burn as brightly in my writing as in his speech. M. C."

THE YOGA WAY, a new theosophical work, is announced by the Eastern Publishing Company. As the writer has had exceptional advantages for witnessing the wondrous and touching sympathy of the Esoteric Teachers with the sorrows and troubles of humanity, and has been favored with opportunities for studying psychic phenomena not common to students, the announcement of this new book on occultism will be welcomed by all students and readers of such literature in this country.

The work is in course of publication and orders can be addressed to the Eastern Publishing Company, P. O. Box 784, New York.

"UNITED."—[1]This is a Theosophical novel by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the author of *Occult World*, *Karma*, &c. It shows considerable skill in vivid descriptions. There will always be found a great difficulty by writers who attempt "theosophical romances," inasmuch as *Theosophy* is incongruous with *romance*, for if the latter be anything it is untrue, while *Theosophy* should have no other tendency than toward truth. Hence it will be found for yet a long time, that the best theosophical romancers are such writers as Anstey who make a travesty of the thing as he did in "A Fallen Idol." Not being trammeled by adherence to a principle Anstey gave much theosophical truth under a garment of ridicule.

United is devoted to bringing the reader face to face with the possibility of a "life-transfer" from one human being to another. It differs from *Karma* in omitting all phenomena except such as are connected with clairvoyance, in discussing another side of Occultism, and in appealing more to the sentimental side of our nature.

The idea of "life-transfer" is not new, however, as it was exemplified in "Ghostland" which appeared some years ago anonymously and which ought to be read by those who are studying this subject.

THE STAFF OF ADAM AND THE SHEM-HAMMEPHORASH, is a paper read by Bro. S. C. Gould viii.°, F. T. S., before Massachusetts College, Boston, at Convocation S. R. of June 2, 1887. This staff was "given by the Holy and Blessed God, to the first man in Paradise," and descended to Joseph. It was put away with the special treasures of Pharoah. The pamphlet will repay perusal. Address S. C. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

1 George Redway, Convent Garden, London.

Tea Table Talk.

June, the witch, with her roses and daisies, and the freed Dryads calling from forests and mountain streams, set the Tea Table to languishing, when presto! its thoughts wandered far afield; its familiar spirits fled! These rare companions scattered, what can their deserted historian do between the city's brazen walls, other than con the reminders sent floating back along their friendly wake?

Even Quickly, the grim, the saturnine, has been beguiled by summer. He writes: "I am doing fairly well with the trout, thanks, old man; but I've had a queerish, nervous shock. Serves me right, too. Jolting along in one of those beastly Wagner cars, I saw great hollows in the banks, where land slides had taken place. I got to thinking of them intently; wished hard to examine them; found *myself* out on the bank at such a place. Suddenly the "limited" came along in the contrary direction from the train my astral self had left. It roared down on me: I got startled and confused. Although it could not strike me, it yet struck me full and square;—*I felt the headlight hurled against my head!* Jupiter! It sent me plunging back into my body (on my own train) with a nervous tremor and jar from which I haven't yet recovered. See the dangers of leaving the body for puerile purposes, before you are fully poised and self-centred. True, I was out before I was aware, but an occultist should always be aware of all things. I knew well that no catapult could injure or even disperse those fine molecules, or do aught more than pass through them. Yet so strong are the illusions of matter, that I lost my presence of mind in the uproar. Even mystics commit folly! Let me tell you, Julius; it's been a lesson to me."

It does not seem that this lesson of my comrade's requires any further comment from me.

The widow—bless her capricious heart! has also bethought her of the Tea Table. In a hand of the latest fashion, she writes a few lines airy as thistle-down, or as *omelette soufflee.*

"I've had an experience. Fancy! *me!!* But I have. I was talking to the dear old Professor," (faute de mieux madame?) "and I saw a man standing off to one side of us. His arms were folded, head bent; he was looking at me intently: awfully interesting looking man; slender, pale, grave, with those deep dark eyes don't you know? I shot a look up at him, that might ask why he stared so at poor me; (no compliments, S. V. P.) would you believe it? He wasn't there! Not there at all! It made me feel awfully funny, I can tell you; sick, you know. But I got out my salts, and the dear old Professor rambled on so delightfully, (should you say now, that he was over 60?) that I forgot all about it, when presently, there was the man again, and when I looked up again he wasn't. Don't you call that horrid? the worst of it was that some twenty minutes later when I'd quite forgotten him, there he stood again. I wasn't going to look up and be taken in once more, even by the shadow of a man. But I just had to, and there he was, really there in the flesh this time, folded arms, eyes, look and all, just as I had seen his image

half an hour before, and this time he was actually introduced to me while I longed to pinch him to see if he was real. But I guess he is; awfully fascinating too. Write me at once whether I saw him beforehand in the astral light, or whether it was he in his astral body. No; don't write; *wire*."

In the astral light, belle dame, though if he hadn't turned up in propria personam to be properly introduced, I might have thought he was a chela, sent to look you over. Chelas have been so sent in the astral body, as several of our theosophists know. Sometimes the chela's body (astral) is used for this purpose; sometimes the chela is but partly conscious of his mission: like a faithful mirror he reflects back what he has seen.

Do you ask why teachers should not come, or look across themselves? Does a General run about hither and thither? or does he "say to one man—'Go,' and he goeth; and to another,—'Come!' and he cometh?" Do we use a derrick when a crow bar will answer? Nature has her law of economy, nor are these higher forces to be squandered. Yet let nothing that you may hear or see, excite surprise. That you are able to see or hear anything on the planes above the material, is due to "synchronous vibration."

"The Real is substance (that which substands) in its condition of spirit. The phenomenal is Substance in its condition of densification. *It is made manifest through motion.* There is no arbitrary line of separation between them; only a transitional difference." Now the moment that an outer sensation (outer as contrasted with the other) of wonder or of fear, shoots through you, the inner vibration is modified, your motion is out of accord with that by which the Real is for the moment made manifest, you see and hear no more, and the precious opportunity is lost. Be calm and observe all: afterwards test all. There are two things to be remembered, two watchwords to sink deep into the fibres of the heart. 1. Nothing can harm the pure soul. 2. "Perfect love casteth out fear." If you love the whole, what place remains for fear? you have then fulfilled the injunction of Krishna and your soul "participates in the souls of all creatures." If you hate or fear aught, you are separated in somewhat from the Universal soul; you cannot advance one step beyond that limitation.

The mother is not without her tribute to occultism. "You will be interested, dear Julius, in knowing that of late I have puzzled much over some occult points—as the method of the soul's entrance into the body. At once I bethought me that I had been reading a book and left off just where it began to explain that point. I went to my travelling book-case to get that book and after looking them all over, it came to me that I had no such book after all. The strange part is that this happens whenever I am studying out some such problem, and each time I am deluded so that I do not recall the previous deceptions, until after I have searched well for that book."

Dear lady! In other climes and in a brighter age she doubtless had such books; many of us had. All can recover their golden contents if we purely desire, earnestly strive. Eliphas Levi said that he had books "in Dreamland" which were well known to him and which he often read there. He even drew from them illustrations which are reproduced in his works without explanatory text, much to the bewilderment of students. A lady wrote to the PATH some

weeks back, that she distinctly remembered an article which she had read in it with great interest, but on seeking the article to show to a friend, she was confounded to find nothing of the kind in the magazine. She gave the subject, which was one upon which no article has been published. All our friends have individual experiences, some like these, some differing. They are recollections, and as we are all trying to get back our past, these glimpses must encourage us. As to the entrance of the soul into the body, the mother should see in the Upanishads some teaching upon that point: reflect also upon these lines in the Bagavad Gita. "All things which have life are generated from the bread which they eat. Bread is generated from rain; rain from divine worship, and divine worship from good works."

A friend across the sea sends us the following: "A rather interesting quotation from Herodotus, may be suitable for your Tea Table, in juxtaposition with an extract from Baron von Reichenback's Researches in Animal Magnetism. Herodotus writes: Euterpe chap. 44.

"'From my great desire to obtain information on this subject, I made a voyage to Tyre, in Phœnicia, where is a temple of Hercules held in great veneration. Among the various offerings which enriched and adorned it, I saw two pillars; the one was of the purest gold, *the other of emerald, which in the night diffused an extraordinary splendor.* This temple, as they affirmed, has been standing ever since the first building of the city, a period of 2,300 years.'

"Reichenbach writes, p. 57. 'A large rock crystal, 8 inches thick, was placed in a room and the darkness was rendered complete; the *sensitive* at once discovered the place where the crystal stood, and gave in all the experiments the same account of its light. She described the light as somewhat of the form of a tulip, extending upwards about 5 inches. The color she described as blue, passing above into a perfect white, while a few scattered threads or stripes of red light, ascended into the white. The flame was in motion, undulating and scintillating, and cast around it an illumination extending over a circle of more than 6½ feet in diameter.'"

Thanks, Brother, for bridging the distance with this fresh and ever needed reminder that we shall look to the duirnal for the correspondences of the Eternal, manifest in the small as in the great. JULIUS.

The wise man, the preacher, who wishes to expound this Sutra, must absolutely renounce falsehood, pride, calumny, and envy. He should never speak a disparaging word of anybody; never engage in a dispute on religious belief; never say to such as are guilty of shortcomings: "You will not obtain superior knowledge."—*Saddharma-Pundarika.*

OM.